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THE English Jeroboam: OR, THE PROTESTANT Reforming Magistrate, And What the Church of England May Expect from such a One.

Precisely Characterized by a Transformed Church-Warden, at a *Vestry-Consultation*, held upon the Putting in Execution the Laws against *Seditious Conventicles*.

Being *London*'s Caveat, in Electing Magistrates.

Dirruit ædificat mutat quadrata Rotundis.

LONDON,
Printed for *Walter Davies*, in *Amen-Corner*, near *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1683.

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Refusing Magistrate.

And What the

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TO ALL

English Protestants,

By what Names or Titles soever Dignified and Distinguished.

Qui Consulta Patrum, qui Leges Juraq; Servantes.

Worthy (if Loyal) Sirs,

IT *is Recorded by* Knowls, *in his* History of the Turkish Empire, *That* Uladislaus, *King of* Hungary, *having made a Truce with* Amurath the Second. *(Sixth King of the* Turks) *Sealed and Sworn to him in the Name of* Christ, *in a little Time violated his said League, waged War against him, gave him Battail at* Varne, *and was like to rout him: Upon which Occasion, and extream Danger,* Amurath *beholding the Picture of the* Crucifix *in the displayed Ensignes of the* Christians, *pluckt the Writing out of his Bosome, wherein the late League was comprised; and holding it in his Hands, with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, said;* Behold thou Crucified *Christ*, this is the League, thy Christians, in thy Name, made with me, which they have without any Cause violated. Now, if thou be a *God*, which they say thou art, and as we dream, Revenge the Wrong now done unto thy Name and Me, and shew thy Power upon thy Perjurious People, who in their Deeds deny Thee their *God. Upon the uttering of which Words, the Battail presently turned, and those Perjured Persons (the Authors of the Breach of Oath) were slain, and the Army totally routed. An Example hugely applicable to our present* Swearers, *and* Test-takers; *and was it generally weighed, would awaken a great many of our pretended* Protestant Christians *out of that* Jesuitical Lethargy, *in which they miserably indulge themselves.*

There is no kind of Men (says one of their Late Saintships) can be such compleat and neat Knaves, as a Jesuite, *a* Pharisee, *and an Old (well-studied) Professor of Religion: when once Mens Consciences are defiled, and they begin to trade in the World with a Pretence, that 'tis for* God, *they are so cunning that no Bonds of Honesty and Faith can possibly hold them.*

Oaths (*the main Pillars of Humane Societies, the greatest Determiners of Controversies*) *are in these times so strangely violated, and most impudently prophaned, as if they were but Bugbears to fright Children into Obedience. Nay, to shew what great Children our Magistrates are, or to expose them as such, an* Eccleircissement, *or clearing of those Oaths of* Allegiance *and* Supremacy, *to be taken by them at their entring into their Offices, is Started, and laid down, according to Conscience and Religion, how far they might take them* Salva Conscientia. *But was* Indignum patella Operculum, *a Case not fitly made, and soon was Un-Cased. And certainly, that Religion must needs be degenerated and apostatized,*

zed, which God *in his Wrath has appointed (as an Engine) to break down theſe great Bulwarks of the World,* Oaths.

Solemn Oaths *are able to hold moſt Men's Conſciences; but Men heightned by Religion into the Forms of the Spirit, doing things by immediate Direction from* God, *carrying a Glorious preſence of* God *before them, affirming that they are called by* God *to do ſome ſpecial Signal Work in the World; theſe can eaſily mount above the higheſt ſorts of* Oaths, *and trample them under Foot preſently. Such is the Caſe of our* Reforming Jeroboam; *The Religion Eſtabliſhed in* Jeruſalem *was too great an Obligation to them, to revoke that Authority by whoſe Laws it was firſt Eſtabliſht: It taught them too much the Sacred Ordinances of* Loyalty *to their Soveraign Prince; 'Twould be a ſnare to them to go to* Jeruſalem *to Worſhip, leſt it ſhould invite them to entertain Loyal Thoughts of re-acknowledging their firſt Lord. A couple of* Calves *nearer home, would ſerve for the Vulgar to Worſhip; and he no ſooner thought on't; but they were ſuch* Calves *as to accept the Offer, and Idolatrous* Bethel *and* Dan, *are as zealouſly followed, as* Jeruſalem, *the true place of Worſhip: and this* Jeroboam *did, notwithſtanding a Trible Obligation to the contrary, by Three ſeveral* Oaths: 1. *When he Swore* Allegiance *to his Prince, as a private Perſon.* 2. *At his entrance into his Inferiour Office, as Ruler over a particular Part of the Royal Eſtate, the Houſe of* Joſeph. 3. *At his Coronation, as Supream Magiſtrate afterwards. And this became a Sin ever after to* Iſrael.

'Tis the ſame with our modern Reformers: They can as Religiouſly as Proteſtants take the Oaths *of* Allegiance *and* Supremacy, *and as cunningly as* Jeſuits *evade their Obſervance. They can Swear not to alter or endeavour* Directly or Indirectly the Alteration of the Government in Church and State; *yet are ready to erect a* Conventicle, *before a Church, or pull a Temple down, to build a* Bethel *up. They can Swear to Diſcover, and to their Power diſſipate any* Meeting *or* Conventicle, *which ſhall be convened contrary to the Laws, and the Practice of the Church, and yet ſo treacherous are their Memories, that they forget it; and alas! through inadvertency, (or I know not what) were ſtrangely overtaken, and found Members of ſuch* Meetings.

Themiſtocles, *(as* Plutarch *reports in his Life) uſed to ſay,* That *Athens* ruled all Greece, *He* ruled all *Athen's*, His *Wife* ruled him, and his *young Child* at home ruled her: *So may it be tartly (and truly) ſaid at this time; This* City *Rules all* England, Magiſtrates *Rules the* City, *the* Wives *Rule the* Magiſtrates, *and the* Lecturers *Rule them.*

No ſooner doth Aaron *bid the Women to bring their Jewels and Ear-rings of their Sons and Daughters, unto him ('tis no matter to ſay further; hold,* Aaron, *do not tell them, 'tis to make a* Calf*) but the Widows preſs to caſt in their Mites, the Married Wives their Wedding-Rings, the Zealous Virgins their whole Stock, to their Silver-Bodkins. Such Influence have theſe Architects of Sedition, to procure their Materials towards their* Babel-building.

The Hiſtorian *tells us of a Speech; which* Pontius Teleſinius *uſed to a* Roman General; *who, when he ſaw him buſied in delivering* Italy *from Thieves and Robbers, told him, that he did well to ſcour the Country; but* Italy *would never want* Wolves, *ſo long as there was ſuch a Spacious Forreſt, as the Great City of* Rome, *to retire unto. The Application of which is ſo obvious, as need nothing to be added therein. Purge the* Fountain, *and the* Streams *will run clear.*

Such, in ſhort, is the Compoſition of the Times, wherein our Reformer *has the Fortune to appear on his Stage. A Time, that* God *Rains Snares upon the whole* Land, *ſuffering Men to act little elſe but Obliquities, Illegalities, Abſurdities, and ſelf Diſappointments; a Time, wherein* Satan *hath ſet the* Land *on Fire, and like* Nero, *ſits on his Turret, making Muſick with his Inſtruments; his Religiouſly prophane* Lying Pamphletters, *that every Man may dance Antique over his Brothers Head. It is a Proverb not to be neglected,* That he that danceth when the Devil Pipes, ſhall certainly break his Shins, if he hath not the luck to ſave them whole, by breaking his Neck. *Wiſe Men will not Travel in a Night, when the Air is full of* Ignes Fatui, *nor a Sober Marriner hoyſe up all his Sails, when the Winds blow in all Quarters.*

Gentlemen,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Gentlemen,

Through all theſe Diſadvantages our Proteſtant Reformer *ventures to appear, hoping he ſhall find acceptance with ſome, though not with all, whoſe Intereſt it may be to reject him. But this he promiſes; That if his propoſed* Church-Reformation *be at all encouraged, he will venture next at the* State. *However, leſt you ſhould queſtion his Perſon and Parts, I have ſent you by him, a friendly* Character *of him.*

HE is One, he knows not what Himſelf, if you ask him; but is, indeed, One of *God's* Judgements. He is the *Epitome* or *Abridgement* of the Age; in him the Age is ſeen; and without him, the Times are not. Obſerve him in his taking his Degrees; from his *Shop* to the Chair of *Church-Guardian*. Here he tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the Phraſe to ſell in, and the Language he ſpent moſt of his Years to learn. He is an arrogant Commender of his own Wares; for what ſoever he ſhewes you, is the *Beſt* in the *Towne*, tho the *Worſt* in his *Shop*. He never ſpeaks ſo much Truth, as when he tells you, *he would uſe you as his Brother*; becauſe he would abuſe his Brother. His Religion is much in the nature of his Cuſtomers, and indeed the *Pander* to it; and, by a miſinterpreted Senſe of Scripture, makes a *Gain of Godlineſs*. Thus his Honeſty having gotten him a Name, the Pariſh thinks him able to carry a *Conſtables Staff*, and become a *King's Officer*. Under this Title he ſwells, and looks big; and invironed with a Guard of Halberts, ſitting in his Chair of State, a ſhop-ſtall, peremptorily examines Night-walkers. He is a Scare-Crow to all Ale-houſes, where he is a great Stickler in a Tumult of Quart-pots, and ventures his *Head* by his *Place*, which is broke many times, to keep the *King's Peace*. He is ſtrangely ſtartled at the appearing of an *Informer*, whom he is ready to ſecure, upon their preſenting a *Conventicle-Warrant*; but he is as ready to let it alone in *God's* Name, as he is to apprehend a Drunkard for not ſtanding in the King's Name: And Men eſteem him for this a Zealous Affectionate; but then do miſtake him, for he does it but to be eſteemed ſo. Thus he becomes a Man of Buſineſs; and, if you would find him now, it muſt be at ſome *Coffee-Houſe*, which is his *Eares Brothel*, which ſatisfies his Itch. His Company here, all Men without Exception; but the Principall are Old Captains out of Service, diſcontented Officers, Men of long Rapiers; which, after all, turn Merchants, and traffick here for News. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner. Others make it their Ordinary, and board here very cheap. In fine, 'Tis the Rendezvous of Spitting, where men dialogue with their Noſes, and their Communication is Smoak. Here it is, you may find our *Vice-Roy* or *Conſtable*; where he gravely diſcourſes of the *Government*. He converſes with you, as if he was in *Spain*; for if you are inquiſitive, he fears you as the Inquiſition, and Suſpects your *Queſtions* for *Examinations*. He delivers you Common Matters with great Conjuration of Silence, and whiſpers you in the Ear, *Acts of Parliament*. He is one that lies kindly to you, and for good Faſhion-ſake, and 'tis diſcourteſie in you to belive him. His Words finely ſet together, equally ſerve all men, and equally to no purpoſe. He kiſſes your Hands, as he did the laſt he met, and is your Servant to be commanded; but you ſhall intreat of him Nothing. His Proffers are univerſall and generall, with Exceptions againſt all Particulars: He will do any thing for you; but if you urge him to *This*, he cannot; or to *That*, he is engaged; but he will do any thing. *Promiſes* he accounts but a kind of mannerly Words; and in the expectation of your Manners, not to exact them; if you do, he wonders at your ill Breeding, that cannot diſtinguiſh between what is ſpoken, and what is meant. Publick Invitations he will not wrong with his Abſence, and is the beſt Witneſs of the *Sheriffs Hoſpitality*; where he talks Rebellion in a Bravery, and ſpeaks big from the Spirit of *Sack*. Religion being now much in Vogue, he becomes enamoured with the Church: His Devotion there, is much in the turning up his Eye, and turnes down the leaf in his *Bible*, when he hears named *Chapter* and *verſe*: When he comes home, he com-

mends the *Sermon* for the Scripture, and two Hours. He is ſo taken up with *Faith* that he has no room for *Charity*; and underſtands no *Good Works*, but what he has in his Shop. He Overflows ſo with the *Bible*, that he ſpills it one every occaſion; and will not cudgell his Boys, without *Scripture*. He is One, that thinks he performs all his Duty to *God* in Hearing, and ſhews the fruits of it in Talking. He is a main Derider to his Capacity, of thoſe that are not his Preachers; and cenſures all Sermons, but bad Ones. He accounts nothing Vices but Superſtition, and an Oath. He expounds the *Prieſts of Baall*, Reading Miniſters; and thinks the Salvation of the Pariſh, as deſperate as the *Turks*. But now by the Grace of *God*, and his ſuppoſed Sufficiency, the Pariſh thought him a fit Perſon to manage that great Office of *Church Warden*; wherein he employes his Zeal, for the Reformation of it, accord ing to the right Old Frame; Where I leave him; the *Church* into a *Conventicle*, *Conformity* into *Non-conformity*, and *Uniformity* into *Deformity*.

Engliſh

99.2

THE English Jeroboam, &c.

THE Veſtry *being fully Convened, and* Liberty of Speech *being the Undoubted* Priviledge *of all* Aſſemblies, *our* Church-Warden *or* Reformer, *with a ſerious compoſed Gravity, lays open the Preſent State of the* Church, *and the neceſſary Reſolution he had taken for Reforming it, in the following Emphatical* Oration.

IT was a *Bleſſed Eaſter* (*Brethren,*) that raiſed me up again to this *Ponderous Service*; and if any *Feaſt* be Worthy of Annual *Solemnity*, my *Vote* is, That the *Feaſt of Eaſter* (though *Moveable*) ſhall ſtand faſt for ever. *Antiquity* tells me, That the Office *Gardiani Eccleſiæ*, is an *Office* inſtituted and dignified by the *Fundamental, Known, Common, and Statute Laws of this Kingdom*; (as for the *Civil and Canon Laws*, I have held them *execrable*, ever ſince the *High-Commiſſion* departed with a *Duck* in the Mouth on't, and the Impoſition of the *Sacred Solemn League and Covenant*) and this *Honour* is not to be conferred upon any, but ſuch as are *Judicious* and *Fidele*, and able to employ (*Couragiouſly, Sincerely* and *Conſcientiouſly*) the *Common Stock of Treaſure, and Diſcretion belonging to the Pariſh.*

It is not, I conceive, yet out of *Your Memory*, how *accurately* I heretofore ſteer'd the Affairs of *Parochial Government*; nor out of *Mine*, with what *Alacrity* you ſubmitted to it. My *Deportment* then (correſpondent to *Thoſe Times*) was a fair *Character* of *Square* Dealing; and was, I preſume, a prime Motive to your *Thundring Acclamations*, in *re-electing* me the *Principal Reformado* of this *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*. In the exact *Execution* whereof, I intend with the Aſſiſtance of my younger *Brother*, (whom I ſhall well Educate for the Next Year) to uſe ſuch *Preciſe* Diligence, as may *caſhiere* many *Fears and Jealouſies*, and ſettle many things (hitherto *incompoſed*) in ſuch a graceful *Poſture*, that the *Truſt* of you, that confide in me, ſhall not in the leaſt *Scruple* be abuſed. But you muſt remember the Old Word, *Diſtingue Tempora*; and then (regarding the *Turning round* of the *Times*), you will conceive, that the *Wind* ſits in another *Corner*; and I muſt *move* by other *Rules*, than formerly: for I am now more *Spiritually Illuminated*, and poſſeſt with *Sounder Principles*. The *Ci-*

vil-Law is disregarded, and its *Authority* and *Power* stoutly *disputed*, by our *Goliah* from *Colchester*, so that we shall see the *Canons* (*Old* and *New*) *recoil on the Canoniers*; the numerous *Army of Articles* routed; the *Oath ex Officio* put out of Office; and the *bottomless &c Oath* is swallowed up. The *Case* thus standing, and that you may have a right *Understanding* of your *Moderator*, take an *Epitome* of my *Resolution*; but withall, take this *four-fold Advertisement along* with you.

First, *That I will follow the present* Fashion *so far in my* Discourse, *as to keep* No Order.

Secondly, *That my* Interspersion *of* Latine, *shall no way Authorize the use of that* Beastial Language in the Pulpit.

Thirdly, *That if my* Phrase transcend *your* plumbeous Capacity, *esteem it the Fruit of my* Liberal Education, *before I ever handled the* Sheers, *or finger'd the* Thimble.

Fourthly, *That you, who* (*for solid* Edification) *fall so nimbly to your* Brachigraphy, *shall not let this* Oration *pass* Grub-street, without my Approbation, *nor* (*if it may be*) *until a Sweet* Panegyrick *of my Sister* Hannah's *Composing, may be annext unto it.*

I begin with the *Weather-cock*; which is an *imminent, gilded, hollow, craking, comb'd*, and *variable Creature*; and doth so wonderfully *Sympathize* with me in All, and with the present *Turning Times*, in Some special respects, that I do *Order* it to *Continue Statu quo prius*; and the Four *Fanes* adorned with the *initial* Letters of my unspotted *Name*, shall be *sedulous Attendants* upon it in my Livery, to go which way soever it goes.

From the *Weather-cock*, I should immediately have *fallen* upon the *Leads*, but an *Iron Cross* hinders me in my way; which (with all other *Crosses moveable*) shall be abolished, that nothing may go *Cross* in our *Designes*.

The *Leads* I find *Prophaned* with the *Images* of corrupt *Hands*, irregular *Feet*, and with unsanctified *Names*; they shall therefore be *Removed, Purified with Fire*, and *Converted* into *Bullets*, to button the *Bosomes* of the *Common Adversary*, and to seal up the *Brazen Foreheads*, of the *Formidable Tories*.

This being *Dispatcht*, I have made a fair *Thorow-fair* to the *Bells*, which indeed had been *out of Frame* long since, were it not that sometimes they *Ring the Changes* (*sweetly consenting* therein with me,) and sometimes *Audaciously proclaime* an *unknown Victory* to the *Over-credulous*, or the *Unwelcome Coming* of the *Tories Alumna*, and the like; which inflames all their *Zeal* and *Faggots* in an instant. There is an *Impeachment*, as stronge as a three-fold *Cord*, against four of the *Bells*.

First, They were *Baptized* before the Years of *Discretion*.

Secondly, Three times a Day they *Pollute* the Tune of the *Fourth Psalm*.

Thirdly, They have *Idolatrous Inscriptions* upon them; as (with a little of the *Sexton's* help) I have curiously discovered; For upon the *First Bell* there is *Peccatoris*; on the Second, *Mei*; on the *Third*, *Miserere*; *Domine*, on the *Fourth*.

Now, judge you, *Brethren* (who would seem, peradventure, to be as wise as your *Officer in chief*) is not *Domine Miserere mei peccatoris*, notorious

rious and groſs *Idolatry*? Are thoſe words fit to be uttered by a *Profeſſor*, unleſs it be with an *Holy Deteſtation* of ſuch *Puddle*? Ah! I ſee by the *Devout ſhaking* of your Heads, that your *Braines* are troubled about it, that your *Hearts abhor*, and ake to think upon ſuch rotten *Traſh*. Well, it is high time, that theſe four be no longer *Hanged*, but *Drawn and Quarter'd*; that they, with the abominable *Braſs* upon the *Monument* of our *Idolatrous Anceſtors* (I paſs not tho an Old Aunt of mine lies mouldring under one of them) may *concurr* for the making of *Ordinance*, to batter down the Poſterity of their *Donors*. The *Wheels* (being but *Hemicircular*) ſhall hang there like *Meteors* between Heaven and Earth; but the *Ropes* may ſerve the next *Seſſions*, at the *Wooden Tripode*, a Mile out of the Town, for the uſe of thoſe that will not *Stretch their Endeavours* for *Whiggiſm*, or the *Good Old Cauſe*. The Libertics of the *Dawes*, (our *Beloved Allies*) will by this means, be inlarged; and we will further *Confirm their Incorporation*, that from time to time they may make ſuch *Ordinances*, as are *Conſiſtent* with the *Priviledges* of their *Houſe*, and conducible to the *Bene eſſe* of their *Common Wealth*; keeping their Courts *ad Libitum*, in the *upper Region* of the *Tower*, as we do *Here* in the *Veſtry*.

The *Clock* and *Dial*, becauſe they go *Round*, ſhall take their uſual Courſe; only by a Pious Fraud, they ſhall go ſomewhat *Earlier* in the Morning, and *Later* at Night, than *Truth* would admit of; Only to Revenge my ſelf on *Three crook-Legg'd* Youths of mine, who had rather encounter with a whole *Briggade of Whiggs*, than move a yards Length againſt a *Tory*: Rogues, as they are, were out all Night, making Bonefires, and Drinking *Hazza's* to the *Duke*; but I'le warrant———

I have dwelt ſomewhat long in the *Steeple*; Now we will come to *Church*; where in the Firſt Place, I ſee the *Font* taking up ſo much *roome*, that would be capable of *two double Taffata Govns*; which, I confeſs, I ſhould not ſo ſtrictly have obſerved, had not the *Diſcontented Yoke-Fellows* of my *Dyer* and *Hot-Preſſer*, which are *Crowded up behind the Door*, drawn me to it. Away with it; this *Font* is abominable, a *Baſon* will be more apt for the *Service*. And thoſe *Lofty Pews*, which are higher by the *Head and Shoulders*, than their *Inferiors*, ſhall be *Circumcized*, that our *Grave Matrons*, and *Sweet Heavenly minded Siſters*, (whoſe *Poſture*, turning their Faces *Weſtward*, is moſt *Amiable*) may have a more *chearful Influence* upon Us their *Governours*.

The *Pulpit* (in reſpect of the *Form* of it, being almoſt *Round*) is *Tollerable*; although my Neighbour *Zachary* the *Cooper* (a precious *Veſſel*) could *faſhion* out One more ſeemly, and to better purpoſe; but the *Situation* of it ſhall ſuffer a *Reformation*, and at the *Pariſh Charge* it ſhall be ſecured with a *Subſtantial Padlock*, leſt they, whom the meer Natural Man calls *Profound*, *Pious*, *Loyal*, and *Orthodox Divines*, ſhould ſawcily any longer *intrude* it. I can partly tell you the *Poor Condition* of thoſe *ſilly Prieſts*: As ſoon as they aſcend the *Pulpit*, they fall on their *Knees* for *Divine Aſſiſtance*, as if they could not be *Cock-ſure* of it at all times: Then they have a *Premeditated Prayer*, not much exceeding a quarter of an Hour, wherein they *Petition* for *Peace* and *Unity*, and *Pray* for *Kings*, *Queens*, and *Princes*, and ſuch like kind of *People*, (though they know them *Popiſh*, (as our ſo-much feared *Succeſſor* is;) and then *ſupplicate Our Saviour*

Christ for *Choice Blessings* upon *Arch-Bishops* and *Bishops*, whom we have found (by the *Spirit* that we lead *about us*) to be *strongest Limbs of Anti-christ*. After this *Mess*, comes the *Sermon*; which is the greatest part of a *Weeks Study* (Written perhaps over and over) yet may be delivered in *an Hour*. Their *Conclusions*, which we are neither *able*, nor *willing* to understand, are confirmed by *Scripture*, *Fathers*, and *Reason*: They consult with the *Original Tongues*, and such Authors as are called *Authentick* and *Classical*, fetching their Water from the *Primitive Spring*, because they (empty Casks) think they cannot have as *pure* nearer Home. So, by their great skill in *Divinity*, gracefully attended (forsooth) with Variety of *Humane Learning*, they will exhort us to *Study to be Quiet*, *to Try the Spirits*, to be *Charitable*, *Moderate*, *Obedient to the Higher Powers*, and to do things *According to Order*; with a great deal of such hungry *thin Stuff*. I have utterly done with Them and Theirs; and am heartily over-joyed, that I have ever thought of this *Happy Padlock*. But of this, more at large by and by in its due Place.

The *Pulpit-Cloath* was the *Legacy* of a *Blind Zealot*, as appears by that *Jesuitical Badge* (*J. H. S.*) upon it; for, as some of Our Learned *Professors* do conceive; *J.* Signifies *Idolatry*, *H. Heresy*, and *S. Superstition*. Oh, here's good Work! What but *flat Popery* can be expected from a *Pulpit* apparelled with such a *Livery*? These *Letters of Gold* shall be delivered to the *Finer*, to make *Silver* withall; and the *Velvet* (because it deserves a better *Wardrobe*, and the costly Infirmities of the *Testator* should be *hidden* by our *Christian Charity*) shall be *Converted* into *Window-Cushions*, for my new *Reformed Parlor*; where I intend frequently to entertain those *Immaculate Assemblies*, which the *Unregenerate* call *Conventicles*.

The *Hour-Glass* shall be turned out of Doors; for our *Extemporary Teachers*, may not keep time with *Clock* or *Glass*; and so, when they are out, (which is not very seldome) they can take *leisure* to come in again: whereas, they that *measure* their *Meditations* by the Hour, are often *gravelled*, by complying with the *Sand*.

The *Communion-Table* hath since 1660, regained its *Antient Name* and *Site*; and (had I my mind) our *nimble joynted Mass-Priests* shall never be suffered to *Offer* or *Cringe* there any Longer. But I will be bold with the *Round Pillars*, that inviron it, (when the *Leaprous Superstition* is scrapt off) to make an *Impregnable Fence* for my *Hospitable Buttery*. The *Plate* that is there so *Decently* placed, I know to what *Furnace* it might be *conveyed*, to what *Use* and *Form converted*, and by what Means *Multiplied*, and *faithfully Secured*: But there is such a *Noli me Tangere* upon it, that I dare not finger the Twentieth Part of it. But as for the *Velvet-Cloath*, adorned with the *Jesuits Badge*, and the *Silver* and *Gold Embroidered Glory* about it, I shall put to a more Sanctified *Use*, with the *Pulpit-Cloath*.

The *Organs* are of *Levitical* or *Popish Institution*, and like the breath of a *Basilisk*; they deter hence the *Two prime Grandees of the Parish*, (the most *Celestial Almanack-Maker*, and the *Best Tempered Potter*, that ever lived by *Heaven* and *Earth*. They drown the *Virgin-Melody* of the *Galleries*, and *Middle Alley*, and against our Wills bring our *Confused Notes into Order*; Therefore though I adventure my *Neck* (as that *Desperado* did in *Worcester Cathedral*, and his Predecessour at *Cheap-side-Cross*) I will set them such a *flat*, that shall lay them *Breathless on the Pavement*. This *Romish*

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Merchandize will yield good *Engliſh Coine* at *Pauls*, or the next *Cathedral* that is not *Bankrupt*.

The *Table of Degrees*, Prohibited in *Marriage*, is obſolete, and ſo is Marriage it ſelf, as here it hath been uſed; for I ſee no ground to the contrary: but when all things are *Common* (as they *ought* to be) a Man may Marry, *whom*, *when*, and *how often*, as he will. This is a very ſhort, but a ſweet and comfortable *Doctrine* to you, (my *Dear* and *Attentive Auditory*) and ſo the ſudden *pricking* up of your *Eares* doth aſſure me.

Let us now take a little *ſurvey* of our *Church-Books*: The *Bible* (which always comes firſt to my ſight and handling) hath a dangerous *Apocryphal Obſtruction* in the very *Bowels* of it, which is of a very *Malignant Influence* upon the whole *Body*. This is Compoſed of ſuch *Hiſtories* as bind not our *Credence*, and *Morality* which ſhall not be the *Rule* of our *Practice*; it muſt needs be preſently *Expurged*. Yea, the *Canon* it ſelf, in reſpect of *Tranſlation*, is not free from *Infirmity* (and indeed, it is no Marvail, ſince ſo many *Mitred Heads* had their *Heads* in the doing of it.) The *Geneva Verſion* is far beyond it. But Old *Hugh Broughton*, if he might have been ſuffered, had exceeded them both. A *Learned Synod* (and what d'ye think of another *Aſſembly of Divines*, without either *Root* or *Branch* of *Epiſcopacy*?) muſt be the only *Æſculapius*, that muſt cure this *Evil*.

The *Errata* of the *Book of Common Prayer* (as ſome call it) or rather the *Lethargy of the Church of England*, were they expreſt at Large, would *overbulk* the *Bible*: Yet the Ravenous *Eſaus* of the World, had rather loſe all their *Liberties* and *Properties* (which are their *Birth-right*) than one *Meſs* of this *Red* and *Black Pottage*. I will not *contaminate* my *Lipps*, nor *abuſe* your *chaſt Ears* with ſo much as naming any *Errors* that are in it; but refer you to *Rabbi Lewis Hughes* (the Glory of the laſt *Britiſh Druides*) and divers others, who have already *ſmitten* this *Belphegor* under the *Fifth Rib*. It further behoves us, that the *Singing-Pſalmes* be reſcued from the Back of ſuch a *Monſter*, and from thoſe other *Humane Inventions*, *Te Deum*, *Da Pacem Domine*, *& Quicunque vult*: *But whoſoever will* that any (but the 150. *Pſalms*) be *continued*, may do well, in my *Underſtanding*, to defend *Robert Wiſedome's*, *Preſerve us Lord*.

There is an Error in *John Jewell's Works*, but it is an Error with a *Witneſs*; and although it be *Palliated* over *Jure Divino*, yet it is *inſtar omnium errorum* and hath in it the *Spawn* of all *Abominations*: It is beyond pitty, that ſuch a *Gemme* ſhould be *defiled* with ſo baſe a *Cognizance*; *He was a Biſhop*: The very word *Biſhop*, (I fear, I offend in naming it ſo often) imparts all the *Miſchiefs*, that are *deſtructive* to a *Common Church* or *State*. Your *Holy Indignation* (*Brethren*) is well *expreſſed* by the preſent *Groanings* of your *Spirits*; *but be comforted*; for theſe *ſtall-fed Lordly Prelates* muſt come to their *Fatal Banquet*. *Eraſmus* his *Paraphraſe* hath found the more Favour hitherto at my Hands, becauſe he ſometime wrote a *Tract* in the praiſe of *Fooliſhneſs*. But when I remember ſome *Popiſh Paſſages* in his *Colloquies*, which I read when I was at *Merchant-Taylors-School*, I cannot well *reſent* his *Beſt Labours*. The Book of *Deus et Rex*, is a Pamphlet quite out of my *Books*, meerly for the Oaths-ſake that is in it. Theſe *Oaths* of *Supremacy* and *Allegiance* are *binding Things*; the *Latter* was impoſed upon me, when I was a *Novice*; and it hath ſo hampered me theſe *Three Years*

last past, that I would fain (if possible) cast off these *Manacles*; for it is almost *Hell* it self, to us *Whiggs*, to be so *pinioned*.

The *Book of Thirty Nine Articles* is in many things *diametrically Opposite* to our *Fundamental Principles*; it must necessarily be withdrawn, or farewell our *Diana* for ever. All the aforenamed *Corrupt Volumes* shall be *Translated* out of the *Church*, and all the *Isles* thereof into *Little Britain*, or else into *Smithfield*.

We have but one *Manuscript*, (I mean, the *Register*) and that must be *Corrected*; for the Names of all those that are *Crost* in their *Baptisme*, *Ring'd* in their *Marriage*, or *Pray'd over* at their *Burial*, shall be *cancelled*. No *Names* henceforth shall be *engrost*, unless they were first *Registred* in *Holy Writ*: Nor will we keep a *Record* of the *Names* of *Strange Preachers* any more; for they may deliver *Good Doctrine in the City*, who never had *Orders*, or *good Name in the Country*.

The *Parish Cash* yet, is ready to my hand; and I will presume to seize upon a *fleece* of it, to maintain at the *Church Door a guard of Long-tail'd Vociferadoes*; lest the *Conjuring Litteny* should rush in upon the *Fourth* and *Sixth* day of the Week (heathenishly called *Wednesday* & *Fryday*) that *Prayers* be not read against *Pride*, *Vain Glory* and *Hypocrisy*, &c. And lest the *Babilonian Garment* (the *Surplice*) be *shoulder'd* in amongst us; for to Professors of our *Profession*, no *Smock is more Odious*, *than that of the Whore of Rome*; nor any *Petitions* more terrible, than those that would *obliterate* our *Principal Character*.

Some of our *dim-ey'd Ancestors* could *see* unhappily, to make their *Simplicity Legible* upon the *Church-Walls*, by setting up the *Lord's Prayer*, (as they termed it) which is too narrow a *Directory*, or *Summary* of our *Petitions*: The *Ten Commandments*, which are not (I conceive) absolutely *Obligatory* now under the *Gospel*; and the *Creed*, which is not (I believe) *Apostolical*, nor am I bound to *stand to't*. These shall, in *Good Manners*, give the Wall to *Choicer Scriptures*; and I will be the *Master of the Sentences*, to Select them.

The taking down of *Popish Pictures* out of the Windows, and bringing them (by a *Legal Tryal*), to a Second *Martyrdom*, was a *Laudable* and *Transparent Work* of One of my *Brother-Church-Wardens*. I wonder some of our *Zealous Predecessours*, of the *Late Times* (I mean, Fifty) had not done it, and saved him that Labour: But, *Nil simul inventum & perfectum*, Rome *was not Built in one Day*; nor could they be demolisht all in one Year, nor Two Years. There are some pretty *Scandalous Babies* still left in *East-Windows* of some Churches, with *trim Coats* on, and an *Orient Lustre* about their *Heads*. I remember now, I asked our *Sextons Grandam* one Day, what they were; and especially, One I took great notice of? She told me, it was our *Blessed Lady*; but truly, if she were my *Mother*, and *as high as Heaven*, I will (as *Duty* binds me) make her *kiss her Mother Earth* again. And the *Angels* on the Roof of the Church (though they cost Five Shillings a piece the *Gilding*) shall have their *Wings clipt*, and fall down to *salute her*.

Queen *Elizabeths Monument* was put up when the *Royal Government* had *fairer credit* amongst us, than now; and her *Epitaph* was one of my Brother *J*'s best Poems, before he abjured the *University*, or had a thought of *New-England*. I have had no small struggling within me, about the *Tolle-*

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vation or *Abolition* of this *Statue*; and, at laſt, have reſolved it ſhall *continue*; but with a *Curtain* to *Vail* it, that we may regard or diſregard it at our pleaſure. For methinks, in Forty Four Years Reign, ſhe might (if ſhe pleaſed) have baited *the Beaſt of Rome*, to better purpoſe, and wrought a more *through Reformation*; yet, (notwithſtanding Her Majeſties *Omiſſions*, of ſorrowful Memory) if her Succeſſour King *James* had not been too *Wiſe* and *Learned*, as well as too *Peaceable*, for our *Generation*, and his *Divines* too *Sinewy* for ours to grapple with at *Hampton Court*, we had finiſht that *Work* long ago. We ſhall never meet with ſuch an *Opportunity* to do, ſince Forty One, as *Now*. *Plots* and *Conſpiracies* can now be *glibly* ſwallowed under the *Maſk* of *Religion and Liberties*, which we may juſtify to be *Popiſh*, and to come from *Rome*, inſtead of *Geneva*; and while we pretend to thruſt out *Popery*, we may bring in *Whiggiſme*, *alias*, the *True Proteſtant Presbyterian*.

The *Eſcutcheons* that are quartered over our Heads in the Body of the Church, are *Emblemes* of thoſe *Honours*, which ſome of our Noble *Progenitors* purchaſed with the Hazard of their *Blood*, in *Defence of Religion*, *known Laws*, and *Liberty of the Subject*. I will give them leave to be *Hang'd*. But when I take notice of the *Royal Armes*, and their *Motto* (*Beati pacifici*) I cannot, for the preſent, but entertain ſome *Mutinous*, *Diſloyal*, *Rebellious Thoughts*, and a *Furious Zeal* would ſoon drive them into *Action*, were it not that *Conſcience*, *Allegiance*, and *Honi Soit* upon the *Blue Garter*, did *countermand it*.

Some Alterations would be of Poſtures and Names, as well as Things. For truly, I cannot with an *Upright Conſcience*, *condeſcend* to *Kneeling* at the *Sacrament*: We are not required to be ſo *Flexible* in a *Superſtitious Adoration*: My Advice is, That we ſit *Familiarly*, (as we did in the Late *Free Time* of *Liberty*) or ſtand to't *couragiouſly*: Nor ought our *Geſture* to be the ſame now, at the *Goſpel*, *Creed*, or *Glory be to the Father*, &c. *As it was in the Beginning*. Theſe, and other like *Geſticulations*, came firſt into this Country, from the *City which ſtands on Seven Hills*; and thither (with all ſuch *Baggage*) let them *trudge* again.

As for *Names*, I ſee no Warrant, but under the *Man of Sin's own Seal*, that this Church ſhould be called St. *Clement*'s; nor indeed (as I have learn't ſince I was *inlightned*) that it ſhould be called a *Church*. We only can diſcern, who are *Saints*, who *Reprobates*; and it is not hard to find, who, and what this *Clement* was, and yet deal *gently* with him.

But in this particular (my *dear Brethren*) we muſt have a *Reformation*, and Order the *Pariſh Clerks* to paſs it in their *Weekly Bills*, and thoſe *Roman Harlots* who cry St. *Thomas Onions* (knowing ſuch *Egyptian Roots* cannot be *Sanctified*) ſhall be *puniſh't*; and this to be as *Zealouſly* done, as he that laſh't a *Carr-man*, for whiſtling the Tune of a *Pſalm* to his *Horſe*. The Law ſhall be the ſame concerning *St. John's Wort*, and *Carduus Benedictus*. As for this *Building*, which (now lately again) we have ignorantly called a *Church*; it is, indeed, but an Old *Pile of Stones*; it was built at the *Charge* of thoſe, who vainly thought a *Decent Barn* or *Stable* too homely for a *Chriſtian Synagogue*, and was *Conſecrated* (ſaving your Preſence) by ſome *Old Prelate*, as *ſuperſtitious* as the *Founders*. The Verity of it is, We are the *Church*, and this *Fabrick* (till we are otherwiſe provided) is but a *Meeting-place*; where (to our Grief) there

is too often a *Miſerable Mixture* of the *Prophane* with the *Godly*. For Redreſs whereof, there is no other way, than (in a Tumultuous Faſhion) to repeat the *Preſenting* of *Petitions* for *Liberty of Conſcience*, and the ſpeedy Seſſion of a *Godly, true Proteſtant Parliament*.

I promiſed you even now ſomewhat of my *Opinion* (my *Dearly Beloved*) concerning the *Reformation* of the *Church* in its *Miniſters*, or *Clergy*: Now, give me leave (by your Patience) to deliver it unto you; which I will do with as good and pious an *Emphaſis*, as I can; who deſire to *ſpend my ſelf*, and *be ſpent* in the Service of *God*, my *King* and *Kingdom*.

That the preſent *Church-Government* by *Arch-Biſhops*, *Biſhops*, their *Chancellours*, *Commiſſaries*, *Deans*, *Arch-Deacons*, and other *Eccleſiaſtical Officers*, depending upon the *Hierarchy*, is evil and juſtly offenſive, and burthenſome to the Kingdom, a great *Impediment*, (obſerve this, I ſay—mark—) a great *Impediment* to our *Reformation*, and the further Growth of our *Religion*, (if I may ſo ſay) and therefore to be taken away: For (I ſay *For*—here's the Reaſon) they have been, and are entruſted with the *Care* and *Proviſion* of the *Souls* of *King* and *People*, to heed, feed, and watch over them; and, as *Ambaſſadours*, to attend their great *Embaſſy* from *God* to Man, for *Reconciliation*; and Preach, or cauſe to be Preached, by *Able* and *Faithful Men*, the Word of *God* in *Seaſon, and out of Seaſon*: They have done juſt contrary, run counter to all This; and this by Two manner of ways: *Firſt*, They have neglected their Perſonal Execution of their *Truſt*: And, *Secondly*, Have committed (generally and moſtly) the weighty Matter to Men illiterate and inſufficient, *Dumb Doggs*, as the *Scripture* calls them; that cannot *bark*, but againſt our poor *Shepherds*, that would *Feed* (not *Eat*) up the *Flock*. Men *quorum eſſe & vivere, eſt eſſe & bibere*. Whoſe Tables are full of *Wine* and *Strong Drink*. Their Precept's *iter Longum*, their Example's *iter Breve*. *Satanæ Satellites, non Chriſti Sectatores, ſed Antichriſti Succeſſores*. They are *Branches* of the *Hierarchy* of *Rome*; *Plants* not planted by *God* our Heavenly Father. What Immenſe and Tranſcendent Goodneſs would it be of the *Almighty*, could but theſe *Prieſts* of *Bacchus*, Sons of *Belial*, be Sequeſtered, Silenced, and Turned out: and our true *Miniſters*, true *Shepherds*, [that would not kill them that they *Feed*, *eat the Fat*, and *Cloath* themſelves with the *Wool*] placed in their Rooms. 'Tis true, there are ſome of theſe *Church-Governours*, that are *Good Men* and *Learned*; but then we find them too *Unſanctified*. Like *Curio*, they are *ad Republicæ perniciem facundi*: Learned and Eloquent, but to the *Deſtroying* of our *Common-Wealth*. For my part, I ſhall endeavour to pray for a *Through-perfect-Reformation* in the *Miniſters*, as well as in theſe *Particulars* I have before declared unto you. The *Church* is the *Garden of God*, and till theſe *Weeds* be pluck't up, *God* will not delight to walk therein. And therefore we muſt, without Fear of the Hand of *Violence*, of *Pride*, or *Informer*'s Malice, ſet Hand, Heart, and Shoulder and All, for the perfect Cleanſing the *Houſe of the Lord*. In ſhort, (my *Dearly Beloved*) I ſhall give you a brief *Epitome* of what Meaſures we took in our *Late* (bleſſed be *God*, and the *King*) *Times*, and finiſh't our Work in this Matter, and how *We* muſt work.

1. None ſhall Preach or Declare in his Sermon, *That the* Puritans, *now called* Whiggs, *ſhould be Ejected out all Pariſhes, nay Societies, as being ever*

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the only Cauſe of all the Troubles and Diſturbances in this Kingdom.

2. No one ſhall Preach, *That our late (nay, any other) Petitions to the* King *for a* Parliament, *were like* Jeroboam's *Petitions to* Rehoboam; *Commands, and not Petitions.*

3. No one ſhall Preach, *That the late and preſent* Reformers *of the* Church *were, and are but* Hypocrites: *That an Evil Spirit did Then, and doth Now breath theſe Things into their Minds; a Devout Devil, pretending Care of* God's Service: *That all Their and Our goodly Pretences, are but Hypocritical, and the Maſk of* Vile Iniquity, *and* Holy Theft. *And ſhall hold, That it is a thing ſenſeleſs, for* Lay-men *to have any* Tythes, *and that* Tythes *are* Jure Divino; *and that to Alienate the Lands of Cathedral Churches, to ſet up and maintain* Preaching Miniſters, *is to pervert the Will of the Dead that gave them.*

4. None ſhall declare his Wiſhes and Deſires in his Sermons, *That Evil may befal thoſe that go about to take away Government by* Biſhops, *which has its Plat-form from Heaven:* And holds, *That the Government by* Biſhops, Prieſts *and* Deacons *under the* Goſpel, *is from* God; *as under the* Law, *the Government of* High-Prieſts, Prieſts *and* Levites. And that ſay, *That he knows not from whence the* Presbyterian-Government *comes, but from* Corah, Dathan *and* Abiram.

5. No one ſhall call thoſe *Irreverent Puppies, that uſe not Superſtitious Bowing at the* Altar, *and the Name of* JESUS; *and if they will not bow Here, will bow in Hell hereafter; and thoſe that teach us not to bow as needleſs, are Blind Guides.*

6. None ſhall Preach, *That they that go about to Change the Laws and Government of the Church and Ceremonies, would at laſt change the Religion too.*

7. None ſhall Preach, *That it is as Lawful for a Woman, if ſhe diſlike her Husband, to leave him, and take another; as for one to go out of his Pariſh, to hear another Miniſter: And that to go to another Church, is as the ſin of Witchcraft and Idolatry.* And threfore,

8. None ſhall Declare againſt *A Preaching Miniſtry, by affirming, That to Preach nothing but* Scripture *without* Authority *of the* Fathers, *was like the Devils Sheering of Hoggs; a great Cry, but a little Wool.* Or *uſe that vile Comparing of painful* Miniſters *to* Pedlars *and* Ballad Singers, *that have moſt Company; when rich Merchants have but few.*

9. None ſhall dare to gainſay or contradict *Extempore Praying*; and compare thoſe that uſe it, and enlarge themſelves therein with (im) pertinent *Expreſſions*, to *Baals Prieſts*, who *Thought to be heard for their much bawling.*

Theſe, and ſuch like *Tenents* and *Speeeches* in *Sermons*, held & preached by our late *Miniſters*, were ſeverely taken notice of, & ſeverely reprehended by ſilencing ſuch deſtructive Perſons, and Sequeſtring and Plundering Them and Theirs: Nay, if we could not find them erring in their Words, we way-laid them in their Actions, and were ſoon ready to pick holes in their Coats. 'Twas eaſy enough to ſay, they were *Popiſhly Affected, Drunkard, Superſtitious Adorers* at the *Alter*, or *Name* of *JESUS, Swearers, Whore-mongers, Adulterers, Ale-houſe haunters, Malignants, Enemies* to the *Cauſe*, and the like; and we did their Work. Out we turned them Head and Shoulders, Bag and Baggage, to ſhift for themſelves. And then

all care was taken that fit Persons of our own Select Fraternity enjoy'd the *Benefice* or *Cure*.

My Brethren, that is the way we must go, not dally with them, but handle them without Mittins. We must thwack their Cassocks, and rattle their Jackets. We must stamp upon the Panch of their Villany, and squeeze out the Garbish of their Iniquity. And dare they resent our Proceedings with unnecessary Interrogatories and unwelcome Reasonings, they shall have *Rehoboams* Answer, *Our Fathers* (the Bishops) *chastized you with Whipps, but we will Chastize you with Scorpions, &c.* For the same Power, which was lately resident in an Arch-Bishop, is inherent and of Divine Right in a Presbyter. Ay, if they repine and call our Proceedings *unreasonable*, we must put our *Vincent Skale-skie*, *Humphrey Bang-Priest*, and *Curtiss Clan-Clergy* upon their Backs. That *Speculum Crape-Gownorum* was an excellent means to vilify their Doctrine and Parts; and then a Fig for their Persons. Oh! 'Twas pitty, pitty——Heretofore, *Brethren*, we proceeded by a better way, by a two fold Authority, we had 1. a *Commission from* Sir *Simon Synod* at *Westminster*; and 2. *Resolves of the then Commons Dissembled in Parliament*, concerning all such Ministers, who should directly or indirectly Preach or Pray against our Power or Proceedings: We took Cognizance of them, and deemed and adjudged them Delinquents, and within the respective Orders, Ordinances and Acts touching Sequestration, as to their Ecclesiastical Benefices and Stipends: So that in a matter of Seven Years time, a General Bill of *Mortality* being drawn up of those Ministers who were defunct by reason of our Contagious Breath, the total amounted to One Hundred and Fifteen, who were Sequestred, whereof above Forty Doctors in Divinity; their Goods we Plundered, and turned out their Families. Reformation *(Beloved)* could not have been wrought, but by these means, they were rooted in, and ere we could plant good Seed, these Weeds must be pluckt up. And then we wisely Ordered the *Directory for Worship*; Classical Presbyteries, and Congregational Elderships; Then had we our faithful painful Ministers, and such as Preacht *in Season, and out of Season*.

Having propounded this excellent Method for Reformation of Church-Ministers, I proceed.

The *Ingens Opus*, and *true Master Piece* of all, now calls aloud for your *quickned Attention*, inflamed *Zeal*, and well-setled *Endeavours*; I mean, the *Discreet Election* of an *Able and sincere Pastor*, whose *Model* I have conceived briefly thus.

He must not *proceed* from *Wales*, or either of the *Universities*; for then we shall never understand him: Nor yet from *Jericho*, lest the *Gravity of his Beard* give us cause to suspect the Truth of his *Enthusiasms* and *Inspirations*: But he shall be a *smooth, sweet young Man, well descended* (not from *Levi*, but) from the *Tribe of Gad*, or *Man-asses*, and trained up in *Amsterdam*, *Geneva*, the *Isle of Silly*, or (if you please) in our *own Neighbourhood*, where we have good Choice of such, whose *Mechanick Professions* have left them to make the *Pulpit* (as others do their *Swords*) their *quum nemini*. ——Here are *Felt-Makers*, that can *roundly* deal with the *Blockheads*, and *Neutral Demi-casters* of the World. *Coblers*, who can give good *Rules* for *upright Walking*, and *handle Scripture* to a *Bristle*: *Coachmen*, who know how to *lash* the *Beastly Enormities*, and curb the *Head-strong Insolencies* of this

Brutish

Bruitiſh Age; *ſtoutly* exhorting us to *ſtand up for the Truth*, leſt the *Wheel of Deſtruction roundly over-run us*. We have *Weavers*, that can ſweetly inform us of the *Shittle-ſwiftneſs of the Time*, and practically *tread out the Viciſſitude* of all *Sublunary Things*, till the *Web* of our Life be cut off. And here are *Merchants* of my *Profeſſion*, who can *ſeparate* the pieces of *Dampation* from thoſe of *Salvation*, *meaſure* out every Man's *Portion*, and *cut* it out by a *Thread*; Subſtantially *preſſing* their *Points*, till they have *faſhionably finiſht up their Work*, with a *well-bottom'd Concluſion*.

Out of this *Groſs Heap* (wherewith we are ſo comfortably ſurrounded) we may *pick* ſuch a One, that with a *Stentorian Voice* (making more uſe of his *Lungs* and *Noſe*, than *Nature* requires) ſhall reprove our Sins in that *kind* and *meaſure*, as we would have him; Shall couragiouſly *ſound* an *Alarum to Battail*; ſhall tell us the *Events of our Actions before they're begun*, by expounding *Old Viſions* and *Prophecies*, better than he that was in *Pathmos*: He ſhall not need to Travel for *Orders* to the *Prelatical Hierarchy*, He ſhall receive *Orders* from *Us*. I have drawn up ſome of them already for him, and by theſe you may judge of the *Whole*; *Ex pede Herculem*, *ex ungue Leonem*, as we uſe to ſay.

His *Habit* ſhall be a *High-crown'd Hat*, or (to follow the preſent *Mode*, to avoid an *Undecent Pointing* at) a *Low-crowned*, *narrow-brim Hat*, a *black Leather Callot-Cap*, a *ſad Medley-Cloak*, and *Jerkin* of the ſame, *Violet Hoſe*, and *Ruſſet ſtockings*.

His *Landreſs* ſhall evidence his Hatred of *White-Linnen*, by his little *Coller'd-Band*; and his *Barber* ſhall ſo roundly *indent* his *Head*, that our *Eyes* may as well ſee his *Ears*, as our *Ears* hear his *Doctrine*.

In his *Fathomleſs Prayers*, he ſhall *diſpence* with the *Third Commandment*; and take the *Lord*'s *Name in vain ex tempore*, cutting out more *Work* for *God* in an Hour and an half, than a *ſober Man* can expect ever to be performed by *Him* that is *Moſt Wiſe*: And if at any time (forgetting him-ſelf) he Pray for the *King*'s *Majeſty*, it ſhall be with ſuch *Diſtractions* and *Dilemma's*, that we can hardly diſtinguiſh it from *Treaſon*.

His *Text* muſt never be *divided*, (We ſhall make *ſufficient Diviſions* amongſt our ſelves) but he ſhall wander from it, as if it were not a *Tangible Body*; only in *Caſe of pure Neceſſity*, he may (for a *Moment*) make it a *Place of Retreat*, and then *friſk* abroad again.

His *Underſtanding* ſhall be free from all *Liberal Arts and Sciences*, his *Converſation* from all *Humanity*, and his *Diſcourſe* from all *Figures*, except *Hyſteron* and *Proteron*, *Hyperbole*, *Tautalogia*, and other *Flowers* of the like Scent and Colour.

He ſhall uſe no *Language*, but his *Mother-Tongue*, and the *Hebrew*, (if he hath attained to it) making choice of his *Authors* accordingly; ſuch as *Aben Ezra*, *Rabbi David Kimchi*, and the reſt.

He muſt abominate the *Greek Fathers*, *Chryſoſtome*, *Baſil*, and all the Bundle of ſuch *Unwholſome Herbs*: Alſo the *Latines*, whom the *Pope-bellied Gray-beards* of the *Town* call St. *Ambroſe*, St. *Auguſtine*, &c. The intricate School-men, as *Aquinas*, and our Deviliſh Learned Country-man, *Alexander Halenſis*, ſhall not come within the Sphere of his *Torrid Brain*, leſt his *Pia Mater* be confounded with their ſubtle *Diſtinctions*; but, by ſpecial *Diſpenſation*, he may (for *Names-ſake*) caſt an Eye ſometimes upon

on *Scotus*; and (when he hath Marryed a Sister) upon *Cornelius a Lapide*.

His *Engliſh Authors* ſhould be *curiouſly cull'd* alſo: He muſt not ſo much as name *Whitgift*, *Boyes*, *Hooker*, *Stillingfleet*; nor any of the Rabble of *Anti-Preſbyters* or *Conformiſts*: But his *Chief Guides* ſhall be *Knox*, *Browne*, *Barrow*, *Buchanan*, *Robinſon*, *Baxter*, and (whom I had e'en forgot) that never ſufficiently honoured and admired *Howes*, (not the *Chronologer*, but) one of our late and beſt *Tranſlators*. He was a Man, that feared not to come cloſe to the *Heels of Truth*: He was a *Laborious Applyer of ſtrong Points* to the *Laſt*, and had always a *Lift* or two for the *Back-ſlider*: If any *ſtood ſtubbornly* on his *Pantofles*, he would *work* him as pliable as *Wax*: If there were a *Schiſm* in his *Charge*, both his *Hands* and *Awl* ſhould make up the *Breach* in a *Zealous Contraction*. He well obſerved the *Foot-ſteps* of his *Auditory*, and grafted much *Goodneſs* into thoſe, that had *gone aſide*; *driving* his *Holy Inſtigations ſo home*, that whereſoever they went, they were *ſenſible* of them: In a word, He was the *Hammer of all Humane Learning*, a moſt *Induſtrious Converter of Soales*; and, in a ſhort Space, did ſet forth more *Works* in *Oxes-Hides*, than old *Toſtatus* did in all his Life. Oh!——I can never mention his *Name*, nor viſit his *Monument* in *Finſbury*, but theſe *Spiritual Pangs* ſurprize me—— *Oh!—He is gone! He is gone!* But there is ſtill *Heavenly Comfort* provided for Us, and our Poſterity, by the daily *Preaching* of his *Learned Succeſſors*; and their *Judicious* and *Pious Works*, the great *Artichects* of the *Partition-Wall*: True *Herods* in their Conſciencious Obſervance of the *Sacred Covenant*, though 'twere to the utter *Deſtruction* of Themſelves and Others. And now heartily thanking you (*Holy Brethren*) for your preſent *Patience*, I will proceed where I left.

When our Souls are bleſt with a *Doctor* of theſe, and the like rare *Qualifications*, the next conſiderable will be his *Stipend*, (for this *Oxe* will not be *muzzled*) which I conceive (under Favour) ſhould be the *Ampler*, in regard there will be little or no Uſe of him for *Weddings*, *Churchings* and *Burials*; which, in theſe our *Purblind Times*, yields the *Incumbent* (as the *Lawyers* call him) a Comfortable *Revenue*. I think well (with Submiſſion to your Judgments) that we advance him to *Forty Marks per Annum*; but with this *Proviſo*, that our *Benevolent Siſters* ſhall not be inhibited their *Voluntary* Contribution of *Money* (their good Husbands knowing nothing of it) and *Plate*, (if their Cupboards afford it) *Linnen*, and other *Neceſſaries*; which, I am confident, will amount to twice as much. This was the meer *Motion* of my *Reverend Mother*, and *Dear Siſter*: And truly, I judge too very well *motion'd*; for *This*, with the Charitable *Collection* from the *Saints* on Week-day's *Lectures*, (according to St. *Paul's* Inſtitution, 1 *Cor.* 16.) will be a very pretty *Competency*, and ſhall maintain his *Dear Conſort*, the *Lady Preſbyter*, as Modiſh as the fineſt *Lady Biſhop* of them all.

And whereas we never continue long in any one *Opinion*, but *ſeperate* daily, from *ſeperation* to *ſeperation*; I hold it *expedient*, that once in every *Fourteen Days*, (which ſhall be the New and Full of the *Moon*, the true *Moderatrix* of our *Brains*) we have a *Solemn Meeting* in my *Sanctified Parlour*; where our *Prophet* ſhall give us a *Conciſe Exhortation* of two Hours long, or ſuch a matter; and then we may Admoniſh him of ſuch things, as in the matter or manner of his former *Labours*, were not correſpondent

to

to our *Humours*; and may direct him (for the future) how *long*, how *broad*, how *high* and how *deep* he ſhall teach us, how *gently* or *tartly* he ſhall handle our *Sores*, and when he ſhall *reſtrain*, when *enlarge* our *Liberty*. And then refreſhing our ſelves in a *Chriſtian manner*, with a chirping Cup of *Canary*, and ſuch good things as the Gentlewomen *Priſcilla* and *Dorcas* will miniſter to us (being *Devoutly Conſecrated* by a *long winded Benediction*) every one ſhall depart home with ſuch *preciſe Heedfulneſs*, as may prevent the *ſcurrilous Tongues of the Malignant Tories*; for I muſt tell you, we have a ſort of *ſcoffing Iſhmaelites*, that will undertake to ſee *Sin*, where *God* cannot, and with their *black Mouths*, will Perſecute the *Meekeſt Iſaac* upon Earth. Witneſs their ſtrict putting in Execution their *Commiſſions* to diſturb our *Publick Meetings*, and their ſcandalous ſtigmatizing us by their *Popiſh Pamphlets*; but I think we are *pretty even* with them in this *laſt particular*, though our *Pockets* ſometimes pay for it. Witneſs our dear *Baldwin*, *Smith*, and Beloved *Janeway*, &c.

Theſe with ſome other things (I know not well what) are the *Compendium* of my Thoughts, leaving nothing material to the *Care* of my Succeſſours, but the *Subverſion* of the *Croſs*-Iſle, the *demoliſhing* of the *Arches* (if without danger it be *feiſible*) and the *Turning* of the *Main ſtructure North* and *South*, (which now moſt *offenſively* ſtands *Eaſt* and *Weſt*) or taking it all aſunder for a purer *Edification*. However though we are now ſuch *Beaſts* to turn *Stables* into Churches, yet let us abhor *turning Churches into Stables*; we will rather chooſe the *former*.

Now only remains that in a pretty *Diminutive Vote*, you pleaſe to give your *Brotherly Aſſent* unto the *Premiſſes*.———

Never was *Veſtry* ſhaken with ſuch a *Thunderclap!* The Air ſeldome ſuffers ſuch a *Holy Violence:* Your loud Chriſtian *Clamor* brought this Earth into ſuch a fit of *Trembling*, that (I am partly perſwaded) the *Graves* were in ſome doubt they ſhould be diſpoſſeſt of their *Gueſts*: But I am ſure this *Gale* hath driven out *Billowes* of joyful *Tears* at my *Eyes*, and blown my *Zeal* into an *extinguiſhable Conflagation*, which had well nigh *pufft* me up into another *Extaſy*. This is *Vis Unita* indeed, that can ſet all the *Elements* on Work thus at a *Clap*. Your unanimous Approbation (my *Zealous Brethren*) Obligeth my extreameſt *Abilities* to the *Proſecution* of my *Intendments*, reſolving as long as the Old Word (*Magiſtratus indicat virum*) ſtands firm, my *Demeanor* ſhall expreſs me to the Life, and make the *Whigg* as Famous to Poſterity, as the *Roundhead*.

And if the well tun'd *Vox Populi* of this Precinct ſhall Honour me to be your *Common-Council-Man*, my *Learned Oratory* in *Guild-Hall*, and *Pious Devotion* in the whole *Service*, ſhall render me as *Pragmatical* and *Phanatical* a Member in the *Civil Government*, as poſſibly I am or can be in the *Eccleſiaſtical*.

Of which you may expect ſhortly an Account.

---------*Semel Inſanivimus Omnes.*

FINIS.